

The Impossible Odds

by Thinkykaleidoscope

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Summary: The odds of them being reunited after a year was seemingly impossible- but it happened. Their lives start to feel like a guessing game, never knowing what's right and what's wrong. Their future depends on one promise and one skirmish. The sequel to "A Small Universe". Rated T for adult language, violence, and there will probably be some adult themes in there.

1. Chapter 1

****Disclaimer:** All content is owned by Nintendo, Microsoft, and 343 Industries. The only thing I own is the plot to this fan fiction!**

****Whew!** It feels good to be back! I am so very sorry for the long wait, but I didn't have Internet access for the past few days. If you private messaged me or left a lovely little comment on the last story, I will respond as soon as possible. Obviously, with a continuation of "A Small Universe", Samus is not dead. Yay for the hero not being dead!**

Spaceâ€¦| such a small word used to name such a vast place. No matter how many times I traversed it, it has more secrets to expose, some of which I would have been better off not knowing. For instance, the UNSC, their war against this 'Covenant', and their Spartan, John, commonly known as the Master Chief.

Of all the people I've met in this infinite universe, he is the one that bothers me the most. I still wonder what he was doing over in Tallon IV, where we first met. His story was quite captivating, and I feel as though I can empathize with him through some strange means. What pesters me most about the Master Chief is that I'm not sure if I'll ever see him again.

It has been four months and twenty-two days since I woke up from my

seven-month sleep. Four months seems like an eternity when you can barely move without constant aching and you can't vocalize your pain because your voice has returned to a premature state. It often felt like a living hell, but I was just glad to know that I was alive and could recuperate.

"Adam," I finally thought to ask. "When do we arrive at our designated location?"

"In two minutes and forty-seven seconds."

"We are here already?"

"Yes. You spent a lot of time daydreaming, an efficient way to waste time."

"For the record, I wasn't dreaming. You know I don't concern myself with such useless activities."

"You have before, so do not act like you are above common behavior."

"What is the name of this planet?"

"As far as I know, it doesn't have a name."

"Thank you." I sighed. If Adam weren't such a great friend, I would not put up with his lacking answers with little to no description.

I stared out the neon green window, noticing something very peculiar. "Adam, please identify who that vessel belongs to."

"It certainly isn't one of ours." He said whilst waiting for the results.

"Why the hell would our ship be so far away from our territory?" I replied aggressively. It wasn't as if I intended to be so coarse, it was just reflexive considering my lack of sleep made me irritable.

"I was filling the silence, but if you insist on only the results, then I shall do as I am told. That would be the _UNSC Forward Unto Dawn_, a Charon-class light frigate of superior design. Th-."

"So it isn't likely that they are hostile?"

"Depends on how you present yourself."

"Simple enough." I sighed, not overly enthusiastic.

By now, I would have thought that Adam and the whole Galactic Federation would have realized that I am not good at introducing myself. On various occasions I had failed to do so, ending in a battle to the death or—well, it always ended in brawling. I leaned back and hoped for the best. Maybe, if I were lucky, I would be able to avoid them completely. Since when have I been lucky though?

I landed near the target, a massive base. Why was I here though—Dark Samus had fled to this part of the universe after my last encounter eleven months ago. I wonder if here was more promising for domination

of the universe or there was an unknown phazon supply. Whatever it was, I had to stop it, for my own long awaited revenge and for the sake of humanity.

I hopped out of _Hunter II_, my trusty gunship. The first thing I did was scan almost everything. If I didn't know what I was dealing with, then how could I defeat it? It was apparent that Dark Samus had definitely been here, for the structure was drowning in phazon along with its flora. How she had managed to bring this much phazon here, I may never know.

I commenced, following the sounds of what sounded like gunshots. Either it was an incredibly good lead, or I was getting into a situation that I shouldn't. I charged the arm cannon before rounding the corner and blowing the head off an unfamiliar species of extra-terrestrial. Of course, whomever it was shooting at was startled and continued to shoot despite my assistance. The bullets barely did damage to my power suit, but I returned to my spot around the corner before scanning the strange being I had just killed. The creature was of the Sangheili race, apparently what the Covenant consist of.

_ So this is what he's been fighting._

I continued, slaughtering more and more as I progressed. The Space Pirates had given me more problems than some of these creatures. I wasn't exactly sure of where I was heading due to the lack of a map and little to no instructions, so I had to follow the noises made by the enemy, and that wasn't easy at all.

Eventually, I came across a massive group of these 'Covenant' creatures shooting rapidly at a cluster of the UNSC forces. I wasn't going to stand by and watch them be destroyed so I acted quickly and with precision. I took them down with no struggle, so I don't know why the UNSC has apparently been fighting them for years. Maybe I was just stronger than the majority of them. Once I was finished, I took a step back and admired my work. Apparently, they did too, for not a word was said.

In a moment's notice, I was picked up from behind, hoisted over someone's shoulder, and carried off. I was having a more than difficult time escaping their grasp, and I couldn't exactly shoot them either. I wasn't put down until we reached the exterior of the building at a place with several drop ships and numerous soldiers.

"You did a good job out there."

I couldn't help myself. I hugged him to the point where he seemed as if he couldn't breathe. "Johnâ€¦ I was certain I would never see you again." I placed my head in the crook of his neck.

"Of all the things to commit to memory, you remember my name." He smiled then shifted some so I didn't have to stand on tiptoe to reach his level. "Are you alright? Do you have any injuries? How are you feeling?"

"I am truly fine. Tell me, why did you carry me here?"

"I didn't want anyone to mistake you for a hostile life

form."

"That's sweet of you." I wish that my visor were opaque, for my face was as red as my helmet. "We could have just walked here though."

"But you're adorable when you are angry." He took a step back and examined me.

"Chief, we need to go!" Someone hollered.

"I hope we see each other soon, but until thenâ€¦"

"Maybe I could assist you."

"This was our last location to take care of this time around, so I high doubt we'll need your help with anything else here."

"What if you could come with me?"

"I can't take leave in case something drastic happens and they need me to handle the situation."

"There are other Spartans to take care of any issues. Besides, if we go straight to the main problem you won't need to deal with any minute problems that arise from her wake."

"You want me to go with you to find Dark Samus, don't you?"

"I wouldn't choose anyone else." I tried to sound as seductive as possible, but I don't know exactly how he would perceive it.

"It isn't just an instantaneous thing Samus."

"I am very aware of that. Just don't keep me waiting for too long."

I walked in the direction of my gunship. I shook my head. It was incredibly hard to do the simple task of enticing someone like him. I felt like my stomach was having a miniature tsunami going on I was so nervous. Even after eleven months, I still got butterflies in my stomach when speaking with him. I was also slightly upset, not being able to determine exactly how he felt. More than that, not being able to tell him how I feel.

Once I entered my gunship, I deactivated the suit and sat in the pilot's seat. I leaned forward, resting my arms on my thighs. I didn't think I appeared being very capricious, but I must have, because Adam noticed it immediately.

"Is something on your mind?"

"He was thereâ€¦ still tall, muscular, and has that incredibly deep voice." I sighed. I could talk about people however I wanted in here, it was my living space.

"I presume you are speaking about the Spartan?"

I nodded. "I don't really know how to describe how I feel." I leaned back and crossed my legs.

"As much as I would love to help you out, I am not a psychologist; therefore I have no clue as to what you are talking about."

"I feel so stupid right now. I've only ever known him for two weeks and I am more than certain that I have an attraction to him."

"It isn't completely absurd to love someone under the circumstances. You have saved his life before, a completely reckless act that was unnecessary."

"Don't say love! I don't know if I technically 'love him' yet, or at all."

"Deny it all you want, but you know how you actually feel."

Did you like the first person perspective? I wanted to mix it up, see if it is better for the story. I know this chapter is short for a first chapter, but I had to restart. Plus, I already promised you a much longer story than the last (I'm thinking about twenty-five chapter), so the chapters won't be exceedingly long. Feel free to suggest things and don't forget to tell me if you want the story to be written like the last one or like this! Also, do me a favor and click the link below if you like dragons and other mythical beast (it's my best friend's artwork)!

2. Chapter 2: Small Talk Isn't Easy

Disclaimer: All content is owned by Nintendo, Microsoft, and 343 Industries. The only thing I own is the plot to this fan fiction!

I forgot to mention that I did make some minor changes to "A Small Universe", so please forgive me for that. As the last, I will do chapters with a more action-filled scene followed by a more dialogue-filled one (I might do two chapters of them depending on how long they end up being). For the first person perspective, I'll do one perspective for two chapters at a time rather than just one, though I may stick with a perspective for only one or three (but they'll mainly be in pairs of two). I also found a time that I can place the story! There is that huge twenty-eight year gap between where the book (the first Halo novel) goes from 2525 to 2552. That is when this takes place just because anything could have happenedâ€¦ just about!

A week passed before I saw John again. I was relieved that he even agreed to come with me considering that he didn't seem as if he honestly wanted to. I kept thinking that he was doing this as a sort of favor, not that that effected how I felt about it very much.

He sat on the floor, which was unnecessary. He just sat there, his head tilted downward, arms crossed, and silent. I was starting to feel awkward and the lingering silence didn't help. I was more than certain that he had fallen asleep, but I attempted to start a conversation nonetheless.

"What have you been up to?"

"Once you went into a coma, Dark Samus fled to other parts of the

universe, destroying all things that stood in her way. She ventured over into the Covenant's territory and caused much disruption, starting a war, causing major issues for us."

"So it speaks." I joked. He didn't seem very amused. "Do you have any lead as to where Dark Samus could be?"

"I have a general idea, but no specific location in mind."

"Will you tell me then so I don't waste my time searching?"

He sighed, walked over, and entered the site into the ship's navigation system. "You are welcome."

"You sound upset; did I do something to disturb you?"

My comment seemed to have surprised him. "No. I didn't realize I sounded that way."

"It is hard to tell how you feel when I can't see your face and you are speaking in monotone."

"Sorry."

"No need to apologize." I lifted the helmet off his head, admiring his distinguished features. "How have you been?" I handed him his helmet.

"I've beenâ€¦" He paused to think about his current state.

"He has been fine." Cortana blurted out.

"It's nice to hear you again. How exactly did you manage to bring her?"

Cortana explained before he could even open his mouth. "The UNSC has offered you a job. They want you to take down Dark Samus that way she stops threatening them. We are actually babysitting you. They weren't overly fond of the thought of having a bounty hunter roaming around here."

"Babysitting? You're kidding me. He is babysitting someone that is only a year younger than him, which really doesn't count."

"Actually," He corrected. "I'm three years older than you."

"You know what, that is fine. If they want to keep a constant eye on me, let them do so; as long as I'm getting paid well." Just because I said I was all right with it, didn't mean I was.

"Soâ€¦" Cortana added after a minute of silence.

I deactivated the power suit and went over to the quaint kitchen. "Do you want anything to eat?"

"Anything is okay."

"You lack in social skills more than Cortana lacks having humanity." I sighed and took out some vegetables from the small fridge. "Salad

it is."

I reviled how the next half hour passed in silence. I was tempted to ask how he was again, but I figured he would answer it with the same lack of interest. Was I doing something wrong? Was there someone else? I almost laughed at the latter option. Then it struck me; he honestly does not care for me. Maybe I was just paranoid considering it has been almost a year, but it wasn't entirely outrageous to think so.

I put the knife I was using down before I had the chance to stab something. I placed my elbows on the counter and rested my head on my hands. I felt like screaming, but I didn't want to seem like I had a problem. I put the chopped vegetables in the bowl, tossed them, and then served it.

"Thank you." He mumbled.

"So this is how you stay so thin." Cortana commented. I honestly couldn't tell if she was being sarcastic or not.

"No, I just enjoy salad."

"How are you feeling?" The fact that John asked that almost startled me.

"I amâ€¦ stressed."

"You look like it."

"Is it really that obvious?" I sighed, for I knew it was.

"Your discomfort is very present. Did I do something to disturb you?"

"Why would you think that?" I joined him, sitting less than an inch away from him. "You are a little silent, and as much as that bothers me, I just enjoy your presence."

"Cortana kept insisting that I might cause you to feel awkward."

"Well you don't," I kissed him on the cheek. "And it would be nearly impossible for you to make me feel that way."

He sat there for a moment, possibly trying to process my actions.

"That was unexpected." The 'smart' ass of an AI said.

"Exactly. What was that for?"

"I believe that this is commonly known as 'love'." Adam replied.

"Not love yet, I just like you _a lot_."

"And this emotion is triggered by what?" He looked more than a little confused.

"Y-you don't remember?"

"What are you-?"

"I believe she is referring to how she kept you from dying, causing herself to go into a coma."

"Thank you Cortana. You know what, never mind. I'm going to go take a shower; if you need me, too bad." I stood up and entered the bathroom.

****Forgive me for such a short and shitty chapter! I had to give my computer away to my oldest sister, so I am not able to get on consecutively- not to mention school. This was just a lot of dialogue for me to get used to writing in the first person perspective. Gosh, this chapter sucks! Please forgive me for that. In fact, I will start on the next chapter right now (going from John's perspective).****

3. Chapter 3: Maybe the Feeling is Mutual

****Disclaimer: All content is owned by Nintendo, Microsoft, and 343 Industries. The only thing I own is the plot to this fan fiction!****

****Sorry for such a long wait! I have been juggling many things and writing fan fiction is not one of my priorities (unfortunately). It feels good to be back though! Luckily, it is not as if I have friends to bother me, thank goodness. Forgive me for errors with the Master Chief's thought process and sucheddy-such because I think it is borderline impossible to master the lack of emotions he has. Moreover, it is surprisingly hard to put yourself in the shoes of someone of the other gender (compared to myself) and as complex, (somehow he isâ€¦ somehow). Carry on!****

I still didn't understand how I had offended her. Apparently, Samus had gained a stronger emotional attachment to me than I did to her, and not realizing that has greatly upset her. Her emotional status was too complex to comprehend, or at least I thought so. I had never contemplated it beforeâ€¦ or not in recent enough times to remember.

A sudden thought came to mind. "How does one gain this emotion known as 'love'?"

"You don't just gain emotions, you are instinctively aware of them. Why does it matter anyways? Do you want to be affectionate in response to Samus?" Cortana sat down and crossed her legs.

She sounded too enthusiastic about my question considering her previous attitude towards the huntress. "Is it odd for me to wonder about these things?"

"This is you we are talking about."

"I believe he is interested in how she achieved her feelings, nothing more Cortana." Adam interjected, which was slightly relieving.

"If that's all," Cortana glanced at a few monitors, "Then I would

like to get back to work. Will you notify Samus that we found a location that may be of interest to you? It is currently a battlefield for the two opposing force, so I would think there is something important to do."

I knocked on the door to the lavatory and did not receive a response. I figured that I would have to go in there and tell her face-to-face, which was far from an enthralling idea. I slid the door open and replaced my helmet. Seeing how I had angered her, I would end up being slapped or having something heaved at me.

The room was filled with steam, which fogged the visor, and I was thankful for that. Through my blurred vision though, I could still tell she had a fine figure being very curvaceous, a rather long scar just below her left scapula, and her hair was much longer than I assumed. I admired her for a second more before informing her.

"Sorry to interrupt you, but Cortana wanted me to notify you of a planet that might concern us."

She pulled the towel she had folded and draped over the shower door and wrapped herself in it. "Alright, thank you for the update." She sounded very calm, which was another thing I couldn't be more appreciative. "So you found somewhere to start from?"

"Yes. It is not very far from our current location. Adam is looking into another planet that is likely to be hiding something on one of its moons." Cortana informed.

She sat down and looked through the few files Cortana had on hand. They discussed various things like the best route and the easiest way to take down whatever was on the planet. I, on the other hand, drifted into my own thoughts.

I felt attached to her through some means, but not as extreme as to look at her as a plausible mate. I was not in need of the comfort of another human and certainly not someone like her. Controlling, profane, and brash are her main flawsâ€| but she had a much larger ratio of her perfections.

I shook my head. It was unnecessarily to admire her in such a glorifying way. I hoped the slight feelings would pass as quickly as they came, but as the day winked to an end, it was hard not to want to ask questions about her. I wanted to understand her better, especially bearing in mind how lengthy this mission would be with no real strategy as how to find Dark Samus.

Samus spun around in her chair, combing through her somewhat wet hair with her fingers. "Since you were torn away from your home as a child and trained to be a soldier as childhood, I'm guessing you don't have a surname."

"Why does that matter?" How she stated the question was not exactly the most comforting thing.

"For future reference; it couldn't hurt to know more about you."

"Or could it?" Cortana blurted out in what I presume was a witty tone.

"You tell me." She sauntered next to me before sitting down on my lap. "You fight deadly creatures on a deadly basis, making enemies, creating rivals. If I learned about them, maybe I could get hurt," She wrapped her arms around my neck. "You'd keep me safe though, wouldn't you?" The tone in her voice sounded rather seductive.

"It depends on if you were endangered because you were trying to kill me."

"Now why would I do that?" She smirked before standing up.

"Anyways," I changed the subject for I was faintly uncomfortable. "Have there been any places of interest for us to take manage?"

"Actually," Adam spun on his heel. "We found three within the last eight hours."

"The skill of two AIs working together is astonishing." She complimented.

"Yesâ€¦| very much so." I whispered.

"Too bad we don't have the doctor to assist us. Her mind is stunning." Cortana sighed.

"The doctor; could you be more specific?"

"I'm talking about Dr. Halsey. She has many accomplishments, such as the SPARTAN-II project, the extensive work she put into creating the perfect armor for them, having successful 'smart' AIs such as myself and Kalmiya, and various other amazing feats. Unfortunately, she is busy with other matters."

"Three is a crowd anyways."

I couldn't have said it better myself. Whilst Samus and Cortana conversed about various subjects such as the previous, I concerned myself with matters that are more important. It was hard to think with a wave of exhaustion drowning my thoughts. Eventually, I decide to postpone my thoughts for tomorrow and rest for now.

****Complete! That was easier than I thought. Maybe I'll get through writing half of the next chapter today and the other half tomorrow. Wouldn't that be great? So the action packed, kick-ass (first profane word in the chapter-new record), a lot less chatty chapter will be next, and I shall not let you down! By the way, Kalmiya is Cortana's older 'sister'. Don't forget a review!****

4. Chapter 4: The First Steps are Tedious

Disclaimer: All content is owned by Nintendo, Microsoft, and 343 Industries. The only thing I own is the plot to this fanfiction!

(The document is really glitchy FYI)I am so sorry! Please don't kill me readers! I haven't had a computer to work with, and I am the

pathetic little vampire (pre-Twilight rules, of course) that didn't know I could download Microsoft Word onto my iPad. So I have to completely restart with writing the chapters and posting them (I had three chapters or so on a hard drive, but that went to hell). So here is my super late chapterâ€¦

Upon landing on the planet's surface, a foul stench lingered and was instantly noticeable. The planet was hilly with many fields of grass that easily went up to my knees. We made our way over a hill before coming across a roaring battle, something that would be hard to avoid if need be. I only wonder what the conflict was about as the planet wasn't in control of any organization and opposed no importance whatsoever, or at least to my knowledge.

"Should we join them or do you want to search for clues like teenagers in the sixties?"

"The sixties? It's only 2540."

"It's an old human reference. I don't know what it means, but I heard someone say it once in a similar situation."

"We don't have a lead, so if we join them we could possibly find out what this is about."

"I thought you'd never ask."

Samus hopped over the crag we were taking shelter from and slid down the butte. I dashed down the hill almost as quickly as she did, stumbling just a bit at the end of the incline. A small group of assorted enemies made the apprehension of our existence to attack immediately. An expeditious blast of phazon from Samus blew the head off an Elite, making the grunts flee. To my surprise, the Space Pirates had more than enough skin exposed, making annihilating them much simpler as their vulnerable points were easy to pinpoint. We decided to switch opponents for now, as her weapons were much more effective on the Covenant and if you shoot the Space Pirates in the right spot, they fall like flies. We tore through the ranks, not actually getting far in terms of why we were here. I was starting to question why we had come here in the first place, Adam nor Cortana giving a valid reason. After half way through or so, I had to ask in case this was what they directed us to do.

"Is there a point to this? It is starting to become tiresome and not yielding an actual purpose." I dodged the swipe of an energy sword.

"We thought that someone of importance might be on one of the vessels tucked up in the mountains. You two should consider heading up there sometime before the sun sets."

"You couldn't have said this earlier? Now we are running out of time, out of ammo, and are lacking energy. Would you be as kind as to notify Samus of this so we can accomplish something?"

"Of course! Now hurry along!"

Samus glanced and nodded at me a few seconds later. We made out way over the low mountainside by the time the sun rested on the horizon. She sat down and leaned back against the grassy surface, resting for

the first time in many hours. I, on the other hand, was eager to continue.

"How are your shields?"

"Recharging. I'm low on ammunition though."

"You should really have your armor upgraded. Imagine how lethal you would be if you didn't have to constantly scavenge for guns and ammo." She adjusted the arm cannon.

"Not everyone can be blessed with Chozo tech." I continued to pace.

She grabbed my hand and pulled me down. "Relax. It's best to wait until night anyways, they won't expect it. If you want, one of us can sleep, the other can keep watch."

I did have to admit, sleeping did sound like a tempting thought. It would have been another two hours possibly before we could initialize the assault anyways. She eventually went into comatose, her breathing steady and slight mumbles every few minutes.

I sat at the top of the ridge, looking out over the rest of the land. It was a nice sight this time of day despite the countless slain far below. It reminded me of Reach with the rugged landscape and thick forest. Of all the places to grow up, I'm glad it was Reach. I wonder how it was to grow up on a planet not technically suitable for humans, or fit for most life. More important though, what did she eat?

"I wonder if she ate jicama."

I don't think I would ever understand Cortana's inexplicable love for the vegetable. She couldn't even eat. "I highly doubt."

"We don't know though. You could just, I don't know, ask her."

"She's resting, I'm not going to bother her over something so trivial."

"Fine. If you get married, can there be jicama at the wedding? Then we can-."

"Cortana! What makes you think we are ever going to marry?"

"You've thought about it before and you know it!"

"I wasn't thinking about it, it was a dream. Technically, I don't actually know if we were or not, but for the sake of my morals I hope so. That was only once anywayâ€¦"

"Or once so far."

"So, jicama?" Samus came from over the top of the hill, standing akimbo next to me.

"She gets it!"

"I'm sorry if she woke you up."

"No, I had gotten enough sleep."

"I should probably get some rest." I stood up and looked for a good place to sleep.

"Why don't you just sleep right here? It would be much safer in terms of protecting you in a state of vulnerability." She patted the ground next to her.

"If you insist."

I sat back down, just a few feet further. My head was a few inches from her lap, which apparently wasn't good enough. She scooted over and placed my head on her right thigh. I didn't mind that so much to my surprise. As I slowly drifted into sleep she began to lightly sing in some foreign dialect. Whatever it was, it sounds soothingâ€|

So this chapter is shorter because I'm writing the assault of the various vessels as a separate chapter. I'm going to start working on that now, as in a few minutes after I post this (because I've nothing better to do). I had to mention the jicama thing because of Cortana's new job as a personal assistant to us average humans. I might buy a new phone so I can chat with Cortana. Then I'll go die because my life will be complete. To the next chapter!

5. Chapter 5: Happy Valentine's Day Humans!

****Disclaimer:** All content is owned by Nintendo, Microsoft, and 343 Industries. The only thing I own is the plot to this fanfiction!**

****Well I sort of lied about writing a new chapter and posting it super soon last chapter. I was so busyâ€| Playing Super Smash Bros. I'm writing it now at least, so that's got to count for something! I decided to take advantage of the crappy weather, abandon my friends on plans we had, and write this chapter. Thank you snow! *gets up and has seven second dance party* ****

For a vicious carnage to be raging in the valley below, it was surprisingly peaceful. Well, peaceful in the sense of I'm not in danger and how quiet it was for all the bloodshed below. What I was most astonished at though, was the fact that I felt almost eager to explore a Covenant cruiser.

For John it was just another day on the job, but for me it was an opportunity to collect new data about an opponent. If the Covenant ever ventured into Galactic Federation territory, I wonder if I could give them the information for a reward? I surprised myself at how money was something I actually concerned myself with so much anymore.

Forty-three minutes I had been sitting here, not thinking of anything particular. What Cortana said bothered me though. What made her think John and I would get married? If I remember correctly, she loathed me, and even more so when it came to any interaction with John. Was it something he had done within the last year? Did he contemplate it? I was over thinking this. It was foolish really, we've only known

each other for three weeks, not nearly for a connection to form between us. I even questioned why I felt the way I did towards him, and why he reciprocated in the slightest.

"How long has it been?" He mumbled, sitting up.

"Forty-four minutes." I stood up, not quite balanced from sitting so long.

"We should proceed, see if there truly is something of interest ahead."

Upon standing, he began to wander into the mountains as if he knew where to go. I promptly followed, figuring Cortana was directing him. Would've been nice if she told me too, but I guess I will have to take it with a grain of salt. It wasn't overly challenging to find it, I mean, it did look like a giant, purple, frying pan; you'd have to be blind to not see it against the grey and rocky landscape.

There were several extra-terrestrials sleeping, pacing, and what I could only presume as talking. There were two stubby creatures adjusting their pistols, one seemed to be lecturing the other about it. It smacked the other making them pull the trigger, shooting a blast of energy straight into the back of a sleeping one, making it leak fumes. About seven started to bicker as the injured one slowly suffocated.

John motioned for us to move whilst they were distracted. Of course we could do this stealthily, but blowing the brains out of their skulls made more sense to me. Although the way they were quarreling seemed to be taking a turn for the worse, so I figure they'll do that themselves.

We hurried along a sheltered path, moving quickly in the shadows. The entrance to the vessel was roughly thirty-five meters once we reached the shallow valley. There were a few boulders scattered around, creating slight shelter as to not have to dash the whole way. We moved stealthily, not being seen due to the calamity not too far away. Upon reaching the entrance, he stepped into a beam of light, throwing him into the vessel at a surprising speed; I proceeded to do the same.

We were instantly greeted by five creatures, another seven to peer from around the corner. It was easy to take out most of them, but two wielded blades that gave off a bright light. I presumed this was a sign of their skill as they were significantly harder to exterminate. That only stalled us for a moment though, as the ship did not go unexplored. I was rather thrilled to see the strange interior and foreign technology (but it was far from unfamiliar in the overall design). I must admit, this is quite a challenging place to navigate.

After approximately an hour of meandering, trying to find something of the slightest importance, we decided it would be best to rid the ship all together, leaving the few survivors stranded on the desolate planet.

"Is there anything else we need to do before starting the self-destruct sequence?" John asked Cortana as we hurried down a

thin, dim hallway.

"Not that I know of. This is the only vessel I am picking up on in the whole area, odd as it is."

Within a five minutes or so, we were out of there and waiting for my gunship to arrive. I was ready to continue searching for Dark Samus, not really wanting to deal with the small and irrelevant task in between. But alas, there wasn't an exact lead to Dark Samus, and I had to start somewhere.

I remembered something. I kicked John in the back, sending him tumbling down the hill.

"What was the point of that?" He stood up, brushing the fresh dirt and blades of grass off his shoulder.

"Learn to knock!"

"What are you referring to?" He trudged up the hill, and I'm guessing it dawned on him, for he didn't even give me time to respond. "I did knock on the door, and for whatever reason, you didn't respond."

Then it dawned on me. I felt foolish for being so childish. "Ohâ€ Right. I forgot that I had the wall soundproofed, my bad."

I took his hand at the last few steps, the steepest part of the hill. "Why would you do that?"

"I might need to speak with Adam, Cortana, or you, in private, thus you wouldn't need to hear it if that was the case."

He simply nodded.

Upon the gunship landing, I took a look at the forested area a last time, then entered. I happened to like the looks of this planet much, unfortunately it was in a desolate part of space. There were many planets like this that would just be wasted, uninhabited, or blown to hell for no apparent reason. Damn, why did everything have to be depressing to think about?

****I totally just winged this just to finish forâ€ VALENTINE'S DAY! Why? Because I love all my kind, lovely, readers/reviewers! Except last time only one (two?) humans were kind enough to review, which makes me feel sad and like I want to dieâ€ Just kidding! But do I really need to tell you/ask you to review? You're not a bunch of eleven year olds (probably), get your manners in check! Neither am I your mother thoughâ€****

****I forgot to proofread FYI, and I don't have the time! Sorry!****

6. Chapter 6: You're Just Great At Talking!

****Disclaimer: All content is owned by Nintendo, Microsoft, and 343 Industries.****

****Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow! Lots (as in four inches, SO**

SCARY *rolls eyes*) of snow has made me rather motivated
to:**

Write this chapter

**Read the Metroid manga and then the Nintendo Power
comics**

WILLINGLY playing Metroid: Other M

**Crying after beating Metroid: Other M and then eating ice
cream**

Get a new fuzzy creature!

**Have a crazy Hetalia x Legend of Zelda x Metroid x Halo role play
with my favorite humans, somehow it seemed to work and was
hilarious**

**I'm going to say it in the beginning note- thank you MerToTheCado
for being as nice as to mention me in your latest chapter of your
FanFiction. Also, I kind of got the game wrong in which this takes
place after. It should take place somewhere after Super Metroid.
Also, this chapter is really short due to a lack of ideas for their
interactions... anyways, WE RIDE AT DAWN!**

I was slightly disappointed with the bleakness of the "battle". What
to do, what to do. No new leads as to Dark Samus' location, no
interesting things to talk about, I don't even need to polish my
power suit. Not like I could find a way to spark any conversation
with Adam or Cortana, they were oh so occupied with trying to find
something to work with, and John, please, I could get a rock to say
more to me.

I wonder if there was a specific reason he was so quiet though. Sure,
so many years of training and a lack of proper socializing would make
a person withhold their thoughts, I should know, but he was almost
mute. It could be because of not seeing each other for so long and
not knowing what to talk about. Well, there wasn't anything to talk
about in the first place. That solves my problem I guess.

How would there be any sort of relationship if I didn't know anything
about him though? Relationship. I laughed at myself for even using
the word. I wanted to at least try and work with what I had; I was
never one to quit, even in something as meaningless as love.

"Were you an only child?"

"Yes, why?"

"I was just wondering. Do you consider your fellow Spartans to be
like siblings?"

"Very much so, as do they to I."

"Must be a great feeling, to know you have someone there for
you."

"Were you an only childâ€| Before the massacre?"

"No, I had a younger brother named Solomon, he was two. He probably didn'tâ€¦" I never liked to say the word or anything that meant it. I didn't remember much of my brother, but I do remember that I loved him more than anything.

"I'm sorry..."

"It's fine, people die. Things die, it's part of life ironically enough."

"What were your parents like?"

"My parents? My mother was a nurse and my father went into construction after accumulating an injury to one of his legs when protecting one of the outer colonies whilst in the Galactic Federation... I'm not exactly sure what branch."

"You have an outstanding memory if you could remember that and you were only three."

I laughed. "No, I searched extensively for it when I was younger."

"I don't remember much of my parents except for my mother. She was always smiling, even in the worst of situations."

"It's strange how you just remember the small things like that, isn't it?"

"I can give you an explanation for that." Cortana commented.

And thus the conversation ended. It's funny how I started wanting to know more about him, and ended up explaining more of my life (something I'd rather not do). It was like he had a natural shield against being the center of attention, unless he was saving humanity in which case he couldn't avoid it; no one that fought for what's considered right by the eyes of the public went unnoticed.

I sighed, slouched in my chair, and crossed my arms, a feeling of absolute boredom and slight tiredness lingering in my mind. Would I ever get him to come out of his shell? Eventually, I hope, for the sake of my sanity andâ€¦

It escaped me how someone could fall asleep so quickly. It wasn't as if the exploration of the planet and the Covenant vessel had been too tiresome earlier, or at least in my perspective. Then again, I'm not very aware of the extent of her augmentations. Cortana had read a great deal about her, and I couldn't grasp why she has taken a sudden interest in the bounty huntress, partially because of her great dislike previously. She wasn't exactly sure herself how much the Chozo had changed Samus during her youth, or at least that is what she testified.

I could almost sense the discomfort she had talking about her family. How unnerved she was about it makes me feel as if it's a blessing to be able to ignore my own thoughts and feelings about my past. Well, ignore my thoughts and feelings in general. How many times that has saved me from potentially killing traitors and captured enemies, I do not know.

"John, could I speak with you for a second? I know it's a little early to be planning for after the extermination of Dark Samus, but we have an assignment waiting for you." Cortana said in a hushed voice.

I stood up and walked over to the various screens that Cortana "stood" on. She gave the basic outline of the job, then the more extensive details. I listened, but not with much concern as I knew I would be briefed on this upon my return. Truth be told, I wasn't concerned with my return as much as I thought I would be.

The reason I played Metroid Other M was due to a lack of hearing other humans (yes, I am **_that_**** lonely that I played a mediocre game). As Samus tries to get to know John better, I'm going to get to know you better (but not on such an in depth level). My question to you is this: what is the first game you played in the Metroid series and the first in the Halo series? Just private message me, or put your answer in a review, or whatever you want. Goodbye for now, reader, and don't get eaten by a purple space dragon in the meantime.**

End
file.